

# THE LIGUORIAN



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## TESTIMONIALS

A State Prison Chaplain writes: "Your book is eagerly awaited by the men every month. I also appreciate its coming very much."

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"I feel that a magazine of this kind in a home, especially where there are several, both old and young, to read it, does a vast amount of good. I would like to see THE LIGUORIAN in every Catholic home in the country. It surely would be read with spiritual profit by every one." Michigan.

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# THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori  
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XV.

JUNE, 1927

No. 6

## First Blessing

It seems but yesterday when he,  
His head sunk down upon my knee,  
Was stumbling out his evening prayers  
Before I sent him off upstairs....  
And now it's myself who kneel.  
They're his anointed hands I feel  
Upon my head. And I who heard  
My baby cry his life's first word  
Now thrill to hear him say so low: "God bless you, Mother!"

He calls God's blessings on my head!....  
Press down, my son!.... I watched your bed,  
And touched your brow in fever's pain  
To soothe you back to health again....  
But, Oh! I never looked for this,  
For this return, this hour of bliss  
When I should bend to hear your word  
Mount up as Chosen of the Lord,  
And soft, so soft, you telling me: "God bless you, Mother!"

It's nothing that my head is gray,  
And brow is worn. You come today  
And lay your holy hands on me.  
Somehow, the years slip off, and free  
I rise. For me life has no load  
No burden, now! Strength for the road  
Surged into me in flood this dawn.  
I pressed to me your hands still warm  
From contact with our God. You said: "God bless you, Mother!"

He's left me now. He had to go  
Out where his Captain's banners flow,  
And age old strife with sin is fought.  
It's lonesome here, perhaps, I ought  
To feel. But no! The memories  
Of priesthood day are like deep seas  
For buoying up. I'll walk their breast  
To where Christ stands with love, with rest.  
And say to Mothers of His priests: "God bless you, Mother."

—Bart G. Collins, C.Ss.R.

## Father Tim Casey

### CONSTITUTIONS AND CONSCIENCES

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

At sight of the approaching priest Candidate Kleag assumed an air of cold, inscrutable hauteur which fitted him ill as a top hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Kleag. You are just the man I was dying to talk to."

Father Casey's cheery greeting set the top hat hauteur tumbling, and the candidate burst into smiles. He was a kindly disposed social animal that liked to be on good terms with its fellows. It tickled him to find that the priest had not become his enemy.

"Why, Father, I thought you would never speak to me again after the challenge I issued to the Catholic voters."

"My dear Mr. Kleag, if the good Lord made your mind too narrow to admit of a broad gauge thought, far be it from me to find fault with the handiwork of my Creator."

"There you come with the stock argument—charging us with narrow-mindedness and bigotry because we honestly question whether one who believes the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church can be loyal to the Constitution of the United States."

"Forcing a religious test upon candidates for office in this free country is narrow-mindedness and bigotry," returned the priest. "You would be quick to resent our un-Americanism, were we to apply it to you as you apply it to us."

"Father Casey, you forget the cases are different. The Catholic religion teaches that the Church is above the State. No other religion teaches that. Therefore, we, of the other religions, have a right, without being charged with religious bigotry, to put the question: Can a Catholic be loyal to the Constitution?"

"The answer to that question," said the priest, "is written in the lives of your twenty million Catholic fellow Americans. It is written in Catholic blood on every battlefield where American soldiers fought and fell. It is written in the history of the nation where there is not a solitary case on record showing that his loyalty to his religion ever caused a Catholic voter or a Catholic office holder to be disloyal to his country. The answer is written so clear and plain that whoever asks



the question brands himself as a bigot who is blind because he will not see."

"Do not misunderstand me, Father. I am not condemning my Catholic fellow citizens. Indeed, I have nothing but praise for what they are doing and for what they have done, but before I vote them into an office of public trust, I must ask: What *will* they do?"

"What do you want—a lot of windy words? Isn't any man's past and present the best guarantee for his future?"

"I'll tell you what I want. I want to see how you can square the teachings of the Catholic Church with the Constitution of the United States."

"During the century and a half that the Constitution of the United States has been in existence, countless Americans have proved themselves faithful Catholics and loyal citizens at the same time. That should be sufficient to show you how we square the teachings of the Church with the Constitution of the country."

"No, no; I am not talking of the past. My concern is the future—what this Catholic will do if I vote him into office."

"If, in the century and a half of the existence of the Constitution, no conflict has ever developed between it and the teachings of the Catholic Church, then there is none to develop. The teachings of the Catholic Church do not change."

"Yes, but the Constitution of the United States may change."

"What if it does?"

"That change might bring it into conflict with the teachings of the Catholic Church. In that case, would not the Catholic, who is loyal to his Church, prove disloyal to the Constitution? Do you not hold that the Church is above the State?"

"We hold nothing of the kind—no more than we hold that Bolshevism is above diabetes. The two are on quite different planes. The State is supreme in political matters. The Church is supreme in spiritual matters. If a churchman were to dictate to us in political matters, we would ignore or defy him and still remain perfectly good Catholics."

"Ah, but there is a middle ground," said Kleag. "There are matters in which both the Church and the State claim jurisdiction. If the Constitution were amended in such a way as to bring it into conflict

with the teachings of the Church in one of these matters, what would you Catholics do?"

"Mr. Kleag, I am not running for office; you are. Hence, I have a better right to question you than you have to question me. What would *you* do in a parallel case?"

"I would stand by the Constitution which I had sworn to support." He expanded his massive chest and gazed about with the air of exalted patriotic virtue with which he intended to inflict that statement on his auditors in the coming campaign. The priest threw a wet blanket over the flame of oratorical fire by remarking quietly:

"Oh, no, Mr. Kleag, you do not mean that."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a decent, good living man. While, if you meant what you said just now, you would be a hypocrite, a time server, a scoundrel, a coward."

"How so, sir?"

"You say, if the law of the land imposes something at variance with your religious belief, you would adhere to the law of the land, did you not?"

"Well, practically."

"Pull that statement apart and examine it. You will see it means just this: You are convinced that a certain action is forbidden by the law of God, yet, if the group of men who happen to have the legislative power for the moment, make a law requiring you to perform that action you will violate your conscience and offend your God in order to do the thing prescribed by that group of men. Now, if you, who pose as a moral man, are in your heart, ready to do that, you are a hypocrite. If you are determined to obey men rather than God, you are a time server. If you are prepared to break the moral law, whenever a political measure happens to run counter to it, you are a scoundrel. If you will not follow your conscience in the face of all opposition, you are a coward. Is that the platform on which you solicit the votes of your fellow citizens to place you in an office of public trust?"

"I—I do not mean," said Kleag, "that I would obey a law commanding me to do something I know to be wrong. I refer rather to that hazy no-man's-land between the two jurisdictions. I—ahem—have no very definite convictions on those matters, and therefore, I should not be violating my conscience by accepting the decision of my fellow citizens."

"Give us something tangible," returned Father Casey. "Do you mean, for example, education, the moral training of the young, marriage, divorce, parental rights, limitation of offspring, circumstances of public worship, and similar matters?"

"Well, yes. Things of that kind," replied Kleag.

"And you have no convictions on any of these questions so intimately bound up with morality? Do you not know the difference between right and wrong in any of these things? And will you, nevertheless, temerarily aspire to guide the destinies of your fellow citizens?"

"I did not say that I do not know what is right or wrong on any of them, but—"

"Enough. Regarding those in which you do know what is right and what is wrong, are you ready to obey any law that may be made commanding you to do something contrary to your conscience?"

"No, I would not do that."

"Then you retract the high sounding statement you made a moment ago?"

"On that hypothesis, yes. But the hypothesis itself is impossible."

"Impossible? It has been done hundreds of times in other countries. Have you never read history? Have you never read of martyrs to liberty? Have you never heard of martyrs to conscience? What gave birth to this country of ours but the courage of men who would not submit to laws they knew to be bad?"

"It has happened in other countries, but never in this one."

"You told me you are not concerned about the past but about the future. Suppose such a thing does happen here?"

"Impossible. The intelligent electorate of this free land will never make such a law."

"Kleag, you are not a superannuated secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union with ethereal ideals carefully stowed away in lavender; you are a practical, hard-headed politician. You know as well as I that it is easily within the bounds of possibility for a well organized and well financed minority to put over a law, or even an amendment to the Constitution, at variance with the better judgment of the majority of our citizens. Suppose they do. You will not support that law or that amendment—you will not even obey it, if it violates your conscience, will you?"

"No, I will not."

"Of course you will not, because you are a moral man. That is why I told you you did not mean what you thought you meant a moment ago. But here, before I cast my vote to place you over me as my official superior, I want to know what guide you follow in deciding what is right and what is wrong, in other words, what guide you follow in deciding what laws you will support and what laws you will not."

"I follow the common acceptance."

"The common acceptance? The common acceptance? There is no such thing. I can ask a dozen different men what is right on one of these points and get a dozen different answers. Such is the pass to which 'private interpretation' has eventually led. The nearest approach we have to common acceptance on any point of morality is the teaching of the Catholic Church. We Catholics all believe the same. Our guide is God's word, just as it has been handed down to us in the Bible and in the Apostolic traditions. We have a divinely appointed teacher to help us to interpret the Bible and tradition in their true sense. If I want to know what a Catholic considers right or wrong, I have only to pick up any book on Catholic morals. Catholic morals have stood the test of time. If I want to know what *you* consider right or wrong, I essay a hopeless task. Your only guide is your hazy reasoning. What you thought wrong yesterday, you think right today, and you may think wrong tomorrow. Catholics lay down clearly before the whole world what they believe is God's moral law. You blame them for saying they will obey no human law that contradicts it. You, too, admit that you will not obey any law that violates your conscience, but no man living can say what your conscience will be teaching by the time the next law is passed. Kleag, you're a good fellow, but you don't know much. Study a primer on fundamentals before you issue your next challenge to Catholic candidates," said Father Casey.

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Father Paul L. Blakely, S.J., writing in America for April 9th, has a remedy to offer for the great amount of crime in the world. He says:

"We have tried education, moral codes, gymnasiums, athletic contests, a love for flowers, and an appreciation of the value of soap and water. But crime still remains essentially a problem of youth. Why not try a little religion in the schools?"

## What's In A Name?

M. H. PATHE, C.Ss.R.

"There is scarcely a Catholic home within its parish boundaries that has not a memory of me. The little flock at Imlay and the smaller flock at Richfield, now Davison, were all of the one parish family. A few years after I left I wandered back to Davison. As I was walking down the street a boy passed me on the run. Behind I heard another boy shout: 'Hey, Kelley!' I turned, and the second boy darted past me.

" 'Who is that lad running ahead?' " I asked of a friend.

" 'Why, don't you know, Father? That boy was the first baby you baptized here. He was named Francis Clement after you, but everybody calls him Kelley.' "

"There was a big lump in my throat as I walked to the station. I do not know what Kelley's other name is, for he was baptized over twenty-eight years ago. I do not know where he is, or whether the baptism took 'full effect' or not; but when I sit and dream about the old days—one would think I was an ancient—Lapeer, Imlay City and Davison always come together to knock for admission, and the magic password is: 'Everybody here calls him Kelley.' "

These words were written by the Rev. Francis Clement Kelley in his fascinating book, "The Story of Extension." Father Kelley is the founder and president of the Catholic Extension Society of the United States. Prior to the writing of the book the author was Pastor of Lapeer, Michigan. In this little town the seed of the Extension Society was planted.

Picture to yourselves a Church in a little country-town. Or, to be more precise, come with me to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in the town of Lapeer, Michigan. The morning Masses are over—the worshippers have gone home. The Pastor is probably taking a little afternoon rest. Shall we disturb him? Let's—for he is a very genial sort of man. He is the Reverend Francis Kelley—founder of the great Extension Society, and through this medium, friend to millions of souls.

"No," he says, "I was not resting. I was just entering today's baptisms in my book. And isn't it strange, the parents of one of the little babies insisted on starting out their child with a terrible handicap"

—with this, Father Kelley points to the record, and shows us the name, Francis Kelley C—.

We visit a while with the zealous priest and then depart.

Years have rolled by. The Reverend Francis Kelley is now the Right Reverend Bishop of Oklahoma. The Extension Society has spread its wings of blessedness all over our beloved land. The little town of Lapeer is the center of a missionary activity that renews all the glory and the grace of the Apostolic times. But alas, the little baby that received its pastor's name at baptism has fallen in sad ways.

His mother died while he was still very young. No one can take a mother's place, and no one tried. The little boy grew up to manhood, and fell in with bad companions. The rest need hardly be told. For you who are reading this see the tragedy in all its shocking details happening every day.

In the morning of life a boy's heart is an altar from which the incense of prayer rises to heaven. In the morning of life a boy's heart is a shrine where the stainless purity of his mother dwells. In the morning of life a boy looks out upon every face as the face of a friend. The Boy—the Idol of his family. Then comes the bad companion, and too soon, the tragedy. Yesterday's boy is now a young man—young indeed in years, but old in an experience that has cost him the dream of his mother. Step by step he is led away from paternal authority. Religion soon becomes a burden, and is thrown off. The saloon is Church enough—the language of the poolroom is more interesting than sermons—the haunt has sweeter pleasures than the home.

There must be times in the young man's life when he tries to rise out of the slough—when the dreams and hopes of his boyhood come back to him—when the memory of a mother wakes within him. He tries to break the chains of evil habits that bind him. He tries to leave the bad associations that drag him down. But the effort is shortlived, for the God Who alone can give success to his trying has been divorced from his poor soul.

When to all this is added the bad example of a faithless father the work of demoralizing a young man is complete.

Without faith, without prayer our young man was rushing along through life—and the only thread that bound him to a better past was the name he still preserved: Francis Kelley C—.

At this time my companion and I were conducting a mission in a

city far from Lapeer. Late one night the telephone rang—an urgent call from the hospital. The Pastor asked me to accompany him. I did so. He left the case entirely in my hands.

"Father," said the Sister, "we have a man here who is dying, and although he says he is not a Catholic, I know he must be."

"Why, his name is Francis Kelley C——. He says he once lived in Lapeer. That was his Pastor's name."

The thought came to me that non-Catholics who also revered Father Kelley might easily also show their respect for him in this way. But there was no time to waste on speculation. The Sister and Nurse assured me that the patient could not live through the night.

The beads of perspiration were thick on his forehead—a cold sweat—and the face was pale.

He said he was going to be cured, and he would soon be able to go home. Ah, yes, the poor lad was surely going home—and his mother's prayers had brought me here to guide him home to her.

"Do you know me, Francis?"

"Yes, you're a priest."

"And you were baptized a Catholic, were you not?"

"Yes, but I have never lived up to it—and I suppose it's too late now."

"Oh, no, not too late, Francis. You will die a Catholic."

"Am I going to die?"

"Yes, my boy."

One time in my life I had hoped to be able, through experience, to stand by a dying bed nor let my feelings overcome me—a foolish hope. And when Francis saw the tears he realized the sad message they brought.

Then, said he, trying to sit up in the bed, "give me the terms. I'll do whatever you tell me."

'Twas his first confession—and his last. 'Twas his First Communion—and his Viaticum. When I left the room he was saying the little prayer I had taught him—"Jesus have mercy on me! Mary, help me!" Three hours later the soul of Francis Kelley C—— went forth to its God, and I think it must have stopped at Lapeer to bless the name that saved it.



## And Now They Whisper Saint

### Chap. VII. THE PRINCE AND THE PEPPER

C.Ss.R.

"Of which a little more than a little is by much too much.—*Shakespeare.*

Not interested in patronymics, parallelograms, paleontology? Very well, then—suppose we discuss pepper. Once upon a time (the time when Richard the Lionhearted was swinging a shining broadsword to the infinite discomfiture of sundry turbans) pepper was actually served as a distinct dish. A rare delicacy, if you please, strewn on little silver plates and to be nibbled with the epicurean appreciation of a connoisseur. At first only a prince could afford it; your peasant never hoped to see it on *his* rough board. But gradually the new spice became more common. European chefs welcomed it with open arms; European diners with open mouths. Every year the Sultan of Egypt showered the continent with 420,000 pounds of it, which (and a trifling calculation will bear us out) is considerably more than the average tired business man dusts over his morning eggs.

Now the fate of pepper (here's where we change trains) reminds us of the fate of spiritual reading. Once people read out and out spiritual books devoutly and contentedly. They dipped into the Imitation of Christ; pored over the Glories of Mary; read the Lives of the Saints till the covers were shaggily dog-eared and the pages smudgy with thumb-prints. But the present generation of that world-wide family, the Ordinary Mortals, insists on taking its printed spirituality as it has learned to take its pepper—just a few grains sifted over the pages of a palatable book.

A solo by Piety they abhor; but a lilting duet with gripping, red-blooded interest singing a haunting second they will hear with eager ears. The cell of the monk and the prie-dieu of the nun will unprotestingly receive the gray-paged ascetical treatise; but the reading lamps of Catholic America coldly refuse to tolerate it. Interest! Action! Color! These they demand, and they will take no less.

In this particular, Neumann is very gracious to his biographer. His life fairly throbs, sparkles, glitters with interest and action. Last chapter we hinted at an almost Algerian (the adjective designates an author, not a country, thank you) development to come. Neumann



was then be-splintering his hands breaking kindling wood and scorching his fingers lighting it that the community might rise to a warm house. Then one day the envelope came. It was a large, official-looking envelope, crusted with red sealing wax, badged with an impressive seal, stamped with a European postmark. And here's where Fact lords it over Fiction. That letter appointed Father Neumann the Superior of all American Redemptorists! Only five short years in the order, and made Provincial of America! Boy, page the scenario-writer.

Neumann gasped. The letter fluttered unheeded to the floor; and Neumann's heart sank even lower. Dazed and trembling he collapsed into a chair. Tried to realize what it all meant—but somehow he couldn't. The old days, the happy days, the days when he was down in the ranks—his mind persisted in lingering there. That was his true place he would tell you; and he said it so simply and frankly that you almost believed him. Convince him he deserved the Provinciate? Only optimism ever attempted it and the serenest of optimists never succeeded. That's the exasperating perversity of these saints; they insist they're only scraggy red brick when all the world knows they're marble.

Byron was cynical enough to divide all mankind by a stroke of his caustic pen into two great hordes, the borers and the bored. A healthier-minded observer, dangling his feet from a distant planet, if you will, might separate the inhabitants of this fleck of stardust into men who *do* and men who *suffer*. John Neumann, Provincial, fell under the latter class if ever man did. Not that he *did* little. Can you imagine Neumann alive, and doing little? There, for one thing, were the new Redemptorist foundations he established; but after all what superior of a pioneer province does not rear new foundations? Still strangely enough, even here, Neumann the Only evidences himself. He had successfully set in operation a Redemptorist Church and Convent in New Orleans. Now since Neumann lived in Baltimore, fifteen hundred miles away, you would think matters ended there. Not quite. What does this very individual Provincial do, perhaps on the very day the New Orleans business was closed, but stroll out through the summering streets of Baltimore, thoughtfully browse through the second-hand book stores, and finally turn homeward the happy guardian of a literary orphan. And a more disreputable looking volume never huddled under a man's arm.

Somebody of course was curious (like the poor, the curious are

always with us) and somebody made a playful—but interrogatory—reference to the dingy book. And Father Neumann—not being an aristocratic modern—did not proceed to annihilate the inquisitive one with a stare somewhat below zero. Nor did he mutter anything about the impudence of some people. *His* answer was a gracious, kindly smile. The book? Oh, only a Spanish grammar, that was all. Why, yes, he was going to spend his leisure moments (God save the mark!) poring over the idioms of the Spanish Don. Someday, you know, he might be stationed in New Orleans—and how consoling it would be to confess these fallen hidalgos in their own rich Castilian!

We have clipped a few lines from a letter to his parents on the same subject: "As we now have a house and church at New Orleans, I have begun to study Spanish. At thirty-six I have become a child again and am learning grammar. But this is of little moment." No, not to a saint who always viewed his own actions through the wrong end of the opera glass; but we fear that clear-sighted Heaven chose to disagree. And incidentally, we call attention to the fact that Father Neumann did not tell his parents of the post of honor he held in the Congregation. About that he did not let slip a single word. Are we too rash in suspecting that if the Provinciate had fallen into less modest hands, some mother's fingers would have tremblingly opened an envelope glaringly marked "Special Delivery"?

Tennyson sang glowingly of England's Albert, enshrining him in his verse as a model to monarchs, a humble sovereign "not making his high place the lawless perch of winged ambition." The Laureate might have roused his lyre to richer strains and poured out sublimer panegyric, had he known another leader of men—a man who lived in his own day, across the ocean's foam. Like Albert, John Neumann did not make his eminent office the pedestal of his conceit. He did not make it the stepping-stone to something higher. He used it to no more selfish end than to load the most disagreeable and most difficult duties upon himself. To put it crudely—but pointedly—he was Admiral not to pace the bridge and snap out imperious orders, but only to claim the right of detailing himself to scrub the deck and burnish the brass.

Take, for instance, when he was on a mission. Perhaps you never adverted to it before, but even on so holy, so apostolic a work as a mission some tasks are naturally attractive and others are not. Some duties creep in dull and drab—others beckon with strong human appeal.

There is the evening preacher. The high-arched church is black with people—silent, expectant, tense. A door clicks near the sanctuary, and a black-robed figure sinks to his knees before the candle-lit, flower-gay altar. A few moments when his face is uplifted in earnest prayer; then the figure winds down the crowded aisle, solemnly mounts the pulpit, stands momentarily silhouetted against the picturesque shell. Impressively carves out his text. Instructs. Warns. Denounces. Pleads. Lays out icy, stubborn logic. Points to the flaming sea of hell.... A grand, sublime figure, the evening preacher. That is why Very Reverend John Neumann, Vice-Provincial of an order of missionaries, never took it.

There is another task on a mission. There is little appeal in it. Humanely-speaking, no appeal at all. You stand in the pulpit, but people take no notice. Some of them are looking at the altar; the eyes of others are shielded with their hands. Your voice rings out, but your message is not gripping; you tell them nothing new. You speak in a monotone, you repeat the same thing over and over and over; and the same unchanging pitch flays your throat. Hail Mary, full of grace; Hail Mary, full of grace; Hail Mary—Redemptorists always have public recitation of the Rosary before the mission sermon. And there has to be a father up there to chant Hail Mary after Hail Mary. A lowly task, wearying and unenviable. No thrills. No glamour. That is why Father Neumann always took it.

But Neumann wasn't always away on mission—no more than the Admiral's flag-ship is always with the fleet patrolling foreign waters. Often he stayed at home, and then he devoted himself to a work that was as thankless as it was tedious. Teaching the children Catechism. You do not believe this is an unappreciated and discouraging enterprise? Just broach the matter to any Sunday school teacher. Even the most buoyant of them must sadly admit that there are easier things than expounding sacraments and sacramentals and sacrileges and sacrifices to little lads whose eyes persist in straying off the printed page to the silent ball field across the street.

Just about this time Neumann was offered the chaplaincy of an institution. He might take his choice of several. Perhaps the artist in him, and his taste for color, won the day for the Negro Orphan Asylum. It is pleasant to think of him playfully patting kinky curls. It is amusing to imagine him telling the little darkies wondrous tales and watching the whites of their eyes go up like an awning. But it is

sobering to remember that this man is a scholar of such brilliant parts that you would be a long time convening an audience that he could not creditably face. Neumann had the simplicity of greatness.

If you can believe stentorian newspaper ads and hoarse billboards—which you most assuredly can not—no century has been so particular about its personal appearance as the glorified twentieth. Every other page of your magazine pleads with you to be correctly attired, and modesty proposes to effect this for you by means that vary from narrow collars to raccoon coats. Beyond a doubt America is “dressed to kill.” You thank heaven the phrase is figurative; if it were literal this fair continent would face extermination.

Fortunate for plain old Neumann that his days ended before man became a “sartorial symphony.” The sober limits of ecclesiastical black leave little opportunity for playing the Beau Brummel and no chance at all of being the glass of fashion and the mould of form; but Neumann was staid and conservative even among clergymen. Absolutely the most that can be said of his grooming is that he was neat. A coat sadly worn, a pair of trousers very threadbare about the knees, and the whole combination a traitor to its pristine black and evincing a strong prejudice in favor of green (like a negro turning rabid Sinn Feiner)—there you have Neumann’s none too prepossessing apparel. Sometimes it led him into difficulties.

In the first place the Redemptorist Rectory in New York wasn’t expecting him. Secondly, he came at an hour in the morning sacred to milkmen and burglars. Thirdly, he clanged the door-knocker somewhat imperatively. The postulant who answered the summons, after coolly surveying the visitor, mentally tabulated him as a sacristan (and an unseasonable one) come to borrow some vestments. Quite curtly the postulant demanded the stranger’s business. Quite courteously the stranger stated it. He merely wished to see the Rector. He might, might he not? The Rector! The postulant scowled. He didn’t see why the matter should be carried above *his* head. This somehow was minimizing his importance. Still, he had better follow instructions. So the visitor was made to feel that the postulant, moved by the magnanimity of his (the postulant’s) heart, would overlook his (the visitor’s) insignificance and summon the solicited party. Father Neumann nodded similingly and casually followed the officious porter up the stairs. The latter wheeled around indignantly, jerked his thumb toward

a bench and sharply invited Father Neumann to make himself its occupant. Would the gentleman *please* be good enough to wait? Would the gentleman curb his curiosity and keep out of the cloister? Did the gentleman see anything objectionable in remaining in the parlor? Were all sacristans as inquisitive as he was? And with this parting sting the waspish postulant stamped up the stairs.

Approximately one minute later Father Rector was kneeling to kiss the "sacristan's" hand and exclaiming, "Why, Father Provincial!" in the presence of a bewildered, dismayed, chagrined, sheepish, and penitent postulant. Perhaps the Rector didn't see the point when Father Neumann chuckled that the house was favored with a very vigilant porter—but it must have hit the postulant squarely between the eyes. And we entertain not the slightest doubt that in the future the seediest and shabbiest beggarmen of the street received most gracious welcome at the Rectory door, lest perhaps their rags and tatters hide unsuspected greatness. For, as the porter would tell with a sad shake of his head, it actually happened once.

An idle tale? Well, anyway, it shows you how Neumann looked. It shows you that people didn't look at him for the first time and then burst out: "A Saint! A Saint!" Neumann managed to tuck his halo in under his hat.

(To be continued.)

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### THE STAGE

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Literary and dramatic censorship rests largely upon the assumption that dirty words are conducive to corruption of morals. Dirty words never corrupted morals of anyone, whether young or old. If morals are corrupted at all, they are corrupted by dirty IDEAS cleanly and hence attractively put and romantically expressed.

Our friend Satan knows his business. He writes English as immaculate and as shrewdly suggestive as a virgin picking daisies while enemy troops are marching by. (George Jean Nathan.)

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Great beauty, great strength, and great riches are really and truly of no great use; a right heart exceeds all.

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Virtue is its own reward. Loyalty and goodness ARE worthwhile.

## Ramblings on the King's Highway

Two o'clock in the morning and a priest is returning from a sick-call. It is bitter cold and the cleric clasps his collar tightly around his throat. A swish—a muttered ejaculation of surprise and dismay and the form darts by the priest into a dark doorway. Fearlessly the priest follows and drags out into the fitful flicker of the street-lamps a trembling yegg, a sandbag still clasped in his limp hand. Only a woman's silk stocking filled with sand is this weapon, but it is sure and deadly.

"Explain yourself," says the priest sternly.

"For the luvva God, Father, always show your Roman collar no matter how cold it is," half stuttered the crook. "My God, I almost slugged a priest."

"Aren't you afraid I'll turn you over to a cop?" asked the priest.

"No, Father, I sure deserve it; but even the lowest crook knows no priest will ever turn him in!"

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Used to be, Father, before I went wrong."

"Once a Catholic—always a Catholic," answered the priest. "All right, say no more about it. Do you know me?"

"Now I do," said the crook. "You're from St. —— Church."

"Right," said the priest. "Come to confession Saturday; my box is in the corner near the door. Good night!"

"I sure will, Father. Good night. My God, I almost slugged a priest!"

He came. Not all the sheep are saved by day.

\* \* \*

### THE BRIGHT SIDE

One of my boys was killed this afternoon. Little Danny O'Leary. Out with three companions across the Queensboro Bridge. Playing "Follow the Leader"; climbed a telegraph pole; came in contact with a high-tension wire and was thrown across an iron fence whose sharp pointed stakes pierced him cruelly. One companion ran for help; one pillowed Danny's head in his lap—other knelt and prayed. Danny died in policeman's arms while saying the Hail Mary. New York papers

commented on religion which could make ten-year-old boys face death fearlessly, praying.

And Danny was no molly-coddle, but the leader of the gang.  
Rough, but good.

\* \* \*

#### THE REVERSE

Coming into Sunday school this Sunday morning I was greeted by the news that the double tenement on 64th Street had been gutted by fire and Ruth and Anna M—— burned to death. These two sisters, ten and twelve, were the only casualties. Strange coincidence. After missing Mass and Communion for six months, they had solemnly promised to come to Confession yesterday, but failed to keep their promise. Parents laughed at me when I urged them to see that the children lived up to their duties. "They can be good and pious and go to Church when they get old," said the father.

Poor kiddies! What can one expect of them when God is a stranger in their homes?

\* \* \*

It was after midnight, Saturday, when the second alarm sounded. Ambulance and surgeons answer second alarms from City Hospitals. This time the Chaplain elected to ride too, for it was a big fire and gave promise of call for his services.

Daring Jim McPherson was the fireman whom death called that night. He had mounted a swaying ladder—leaped into a window—carried three people to the roof and passed them to comrades on an adjoining building. Then a falling wall carried him on its crest to the street. Sadly shattered was Jim, but conscious to the last.

"The luck of the Irish, Father," he smiled as I gave him Holy Viaticum. "I haven't missed a Holy Name Sunday since I joined the department eighteen years ago. But I couldn't get to Mass and Holy Communion tomorrow—and it's Holy Name Sunday. So our Lord squared it by coming to me."

Poor fellow! His soul was prayed for at the Firemen's Holy Name Mass next morning.

\* \* \*

Doc Sterner was a marvel. A young Jewish interne in a Catholic Hospital. His knowledge of surgery was uncanny. "That young fellow will be the leading surgeon in America in ten years," was the prophecy of one whom New York hailed as its greatest specialist.



Strange friendships spring up on The King's Highway. Sterner, the Jewish interne, and Father Pat, chaplain pro tem of the Hospital, were pals. Religion was mentioned only twice. "I admire your work, Father," said the embryo surgeon, "but the only trouble is, I can find no place for a God in my scheme of existence."

"Yet, you practice Orthodox Jewish faith," said the priest.

"Most strictly," replied the Doctor. "But to please my parents only. At heart I am an atheist."

"Well," replied the priest, "thanks for the compliment, anyhow."

"What compliment?" added the doctor amazedly.

"Why, you have just called me a plain, unvarnished fool," said the chaplain.

"I beg your pardon, Father," said Sterner, blushing. "I did no such thing. Why, man alive, I have nothing but respect for you and your attainments. Intellectually you are head and shoulders over all of us. You and Doc Lavelle trimmed Goldman and myself neatly at tennis. You are broad—have common sense and are an ideal man in every way."

"Thanks for the kind words," grinned the priest. "But you called me a fool, indirectly at least."

"I don't get you," said Sterner, sharply—for he was of a serious turn of mind and little given to jest.

"Now, see here, Sterner," said Father Pat, just as sharply. "I believe every word you said. I know you admire me and I like you a whole lot. I know you are a surgeon not for the money you will make, but for the good you feel you can do. I saw you show more kindness and consideration to the colored lady in Ward 5 and Jimmy Joe in the men's surgical than you did to the banker in Room 15."

"The more neglected they are, the more they need kindness and help," snapped Sterner.

"Righto," agreed the priest. "So that's why I gave up home and a career in the world to bring God's kindness and help to them. But you saying that you can find no place for God in your scheme of existence—granting my superior education and all the rest of it—makes my giving up everything to serve a God who doesn't exist an act of folly—and labels me, if you are consistent, just a plain fool."

"It never struck me just that way," said Sterner, turning on his heel and striding angrily away.

It was after the pair of them had worked long over a foreigner



injured in an automobile accident, late one night, that the second mention of religion occurred between them. While Sterner had labored to mitigate the man's pain, Father Pat had talked to him telling him in his own tongue that his relatives would soon arrive, and praying with him. It was the priest's hand and not the surgeon's which the poor man kissed affectionately as the twain departed.

Outside, in the dim corridor, the surgeon put his hand on the priest's shoulder. "I've been thinking over what you said, Father, and I have found a place for God in my scheme of existence," he blurted.

"Now you are sensible, Doc," grinned the priest. That was all.

But when Sterner caught a throat infection during an operation and was dying, with all the predicted brilliant future blasted, all night long he called vainly for Father Pat who was many miles away. At dawn, the Sisters at his bedside told him that death was near at hand.

"I know it. I know it," he cried, "but Sister, dear, isn't there some way I can be numbered among the gang that belong to Father Pat and God?"

Sister showed him—and the doctor, with the dew of Baptism still fresh on his brow, rode gladly forth to meet The King.

\* \* \*

In the prisoner's dock in Fifty-seventh Street Court. Dick H. is on trial. One of my harum-scarum young men with a heart of gold, but yielding now and then to a weakness for drink. On a Saturday night party—left at three A. M. "I gotta get home, sober up and get to last Mass or Father Pat will break my neck." Dick is a prize fighter, but fears the priest's strong arm which he felt more than once. They love a priest who "treats 'em rough." Dick, on his way home has been induced to start and drive a car for "a little ride." He did not know his casual acquaintance had made two previous attempts to steal that same car that night. His comrades leap into the car. Dick is unsteadily mounting the step when a fusillade of shots rings out. A New York cop is on the job and taking no chances. Dick, sobered, flees madly with bullets whistling about his ears. Runs into the arms of a second policeman. One companion had been killed instantly; the other surrendered.

Now the trial. Charge: Attempted grand larceny—carrying a five-year sentence. Dick sent first for his priest; then for the politicians. The District Attorney interviewed, offers conviction and suspended

sentence. The priest holds out for acquittal. "It can't be done," snaps the D.A. "An officer shot a man and we have to protect the cop." The priest smiles. "You have Mac, the other crook; convict him." The officer refuses to give any testimony that will favor Dick. "But it's a priest asking," said the D.A. "But I shot the guy," said the cop. "All right, you may go." Exit officer.

"Now, Father, we'll fix your friend up," says the D.A., "but you gotta sit in the dock with him to show the judge you're with him."

So here we are, in the dock. The officer tells a straightforward story, but claims the shooting took place at 2 A. M. The District Attorney rises: "Your Honor, before we proceed further, I move for dismissal of charges against this young man, Dick H. I know he was in the home of friends at the hour stated by the officer."

The Judge blinks. "Motion granted. Dick H. dismissed. But keep out of bad company in the future. Proceed with the rest of your testimony, officer."

Outside, Dick's mother weeps. His father says: "The Judge acquitted him—but I'm not through with him yet."

Dick turns to the priest: "I suppose this means the pledge for life, Father Pat."

"No," said the priest, "but you have to sign a contract with a new manager."

"I don't getcha, Father," said Dick in surprise.

"You and Maggie have been engaged long enough. I have applied for a dispensation from Banns. You and she will be married Monday morning, next. Maggie's willing, and I know she'll make you behave."

Well—that's the way it happened. And Dick and Maggie are happy. So—God bless them.

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### HE, TOO, HAS A REASON

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When you feel unkindly toward the man you work for—when your heart is full of resentment and your head full of revenge—stop and take a personal inventory. There are always two sides to a situation. You are not all wrong; and if this be true, is it not reasonable to assume that the man you work for is not all wrong? No person on earth can do good work with a single head full of malice and two hands that are closed like fists.

## The Student Abroad

### BEIRUT TO DAMASCUS

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

The first days of a long visit to a strange country are liable to be spent in a species of trance. New sights, new sounds, new customs and the new language provide such a variety of experiences, each crowding on the other with such rapidity, that the effect is to leave the memory apparently lost in the maze. This sense of confusion is rather intensified when the traveller realizes that the time allotted for his visit is limited, for in that case the natural desire is to see and study all that can be crowded into the brief space at his disposal.

Within an hour after the "caravan" had finished with the customs, the energetic director, Father Mallon, had begun the program of work that was to keep them extremely busy for the next six or seven weeks. A visit to a private museum, still in the formative period of its existence, was the formal introduction to scientific work. Then posthaste to the famous St. Joseph's University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, for dinner.

To many people, perhaps to most of those not directly interested in Syrian history and affairs, Beirut is simply an important seaport on the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean. A visit to this Catholic University, however, is sufficient to enable the observant traveller to appreciate what degree of culture has been attained and fostered in this corner of the world. The immense printing establishment alone, with its books and periodicals in various stages of production, is strongly indicative of the intellectual activity in existence here. However, the publishing feature is by no means the most prominent of this scholastic center; faculties of theology, medicine, and Oriental languages, a seminary, and a collegiate department are engaged in teaching native as well as foreign students.

Moreover, the Capuchin Fathers, the Franciscans, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and others have educational establishments for boys and young men, while the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the Dames de Nazareth, and the Sisters of St. Joseph, to mention but a few, conduct schools for the girls of the city and neighborhood. Under

French administration, the western section of Syria seems to be making remarkable progress in its renaissance after the war.

Later in the afternoon, when the time of the fiercest heat had passed, a hurried but decidedly intensive trip was made by automobile along the north coast to the ancient Byblos. Skirting the shore of the Mediterranean, and winding through occasional villages, the road led us beneath the brow of an immense promontory into a cove that seemed to be a dream. It marked the mouth of the famous "River of the Dog," or as the Arabs call it, Nahr el Kelb. The place itself is now called Lycos. A modern steel bridge crosses the stream where the modern road meets it, but farther up the ravine through which the river flows the graceful sturdy arches of what seems to be a Roman bridge could be seen. In reality it was built in 1828 by the Emir Beschir. A halt was made here, and with good reason. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is the flight of time and the puny extent of human history so tersely, so vividly, so emphatically impressed upon the beholder.

For the road we came on here joins and becomes one with an older road; and looking back toward the junction we see that the older road, at times merely a shelf in the almost sheer rock, rises swiftly, winds around occasional precipices, then rising again and again, disappears against the sky, as it leads inland. Along the granite wall that rises from the road to the clouds, and beginning at the spot where our automobiles have stopped at the approach to the modern bridge, a series of inscriptions, some clear, some barely discernible, mark the dates of the passing of invading armies—since the fourteenth century before Christ. Each leader evidently had his own ideas about the best spot on the rocky surface for his memorial. At the base of the mountain and not far from the autos, was the engraving left in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Higher up the slope, but still on the ancient road, are a series of very ancient engravings in Egyptian and Syrian characters—some of them, it is thought, belonging to Assarhaddon, B. C. 670, and Salmanasar II, B. C. 850. And amidst these tributes to dead military glory, stands the bright new souvenir of the latest passing—dedicated to the memory of the brave men of the French-Syrian division and the British Camel Corps, who used the same route in their march of conquest during the World War.

Time and the elements, particularly the terrific storms from the sea, have wrought sad destruction on some of these historical monu-

ments. At present, under the new regime, workmen are engaged in restoring those which are most dilapidated. Climbing the tortuous rocky slope to view the last and highest of the inscriptions, a magnificent view of the sea and the valley lay spread before us. But more than that, the visitor here is made to realize what must have meant the movements of gigantic armies in the days when even the horse was a rarity and man-power the chief means of transportation. Movement up such a slope would be difficult at any time—it certainly was difficult enough now with the heat and the rocky debris strewn about—but in the face of a defending force hidden in the rocky crevices above, the marvel is how could the invader do it. Defenders have little need of munitions of war here—an occasional boulder released from the towering crags would be enough to destroy scores of human beings as it crashed through to the valley.

Peacefully beautiful it all seems now. The towering mountains have the aspect of protection; the green valleys and the placid shore sleep in the sun as though their slumber had been but temporarily disturbed; beyond—the deep, blue sea smiles up to the heavens, calm in its innocence; far out, the cloudless expanse is flecked by a thin, dusty streak, the smoke of a passing steamer. For war is past and civilization moves on—even in this part of the world—and highways of commerce are marked with the vehicles of intercommunication that link up the scattered units of society. Even to imagine the clash of arms and the rattle of accoutrements, the tramp of martial feet and the harsh cries of command seems incongruous, irreverent.

Crossing the modern, steel bridge, the route now follows the shore. Speed limits are determined solely by the character of the road and the amount of congestion in the little hamlets through which the machines pass. Late in the afternoon, we arrive at the site of the ancient Byblos—now called Djebel, a name closely related to its ancient, Phoenician name of Gebal. For us, the principal points of interest were the citadel with its Crusade construction, and its necropolis.

The citadel is still well preserved and we enjoyed a climb through the ruins. From the highest point in one of the towers, the visitor can gaze down over the surrounding country and with very little exertion of the imagination picture the hordes of Turks that filled the landscape in those days of chivalric battle, pressing fanatically on to the attack. The fortress was undoubtedly strong, and the besiegers equally so;

today both are gone and the remarkable ruins are the monuments of victors and vanquished alike.

Within the last few years, interesting discoveries have been made along the side of the ancient Byblos, extending to the sea. A necropolis is simply a "city of the dead"—a cemetery. The city of the dead uncovered here is one of the most remarkable thus far discovered. Deep-set grottoes, carved in the rock fronting the sea, and shaped to some extent like the ancient Jewish tombs found at Jerusalem, were found to contain immense sarcophagi. While we were there, workmen were engaged in raising one of them to the surface. One in particular arrested our attention. To reach the tomb, a hole had to be dug straight down, about forty feet. At the bottom another chamber was located at the side of the pit. In this, the gigantic two-piece stone coffin was located. But the most intriguing feature was the discovery of a Phoenician inscription on the wall of the pit, about half way down—evidently a master workman's warning to intruders. In order to safeguard the tomb from vandals, the plan seems to have been to excavate as deeply as possible, set the tomb and seal it, then fill in the entrance clear to the top. Despoiling graves must have been a common occurrence; Egypt bears the same traces of the presence of the evil and the measures taken to prevent it.

Farther on and fronting the sea, there has been discovered a small catacomb; at least, the area at present visible is not extensive. In one of the chambers, an immense Egyptian sarcophagus was located, probably, it is said, the tomb of a priest belonging to the temple of Isis which existed at Byblos around the year B. C. 2000.

No more striking situation could have been selected for a final resting place. Set in the heart of the rugged granite cliff, away from the noise of the world, and the clash of battle, with the restless Mediterranean murmuring a ceaseless dirge and the western sun bestowing its golden benediction each evening before it passed over the watery horizon far beyond—it is a place of peace and rest.

Sweating profusely and tired after the strenuous climbing over rocks and ruins, we obeyed the summons to refreshment with unexpected alacrity. And since water was never to be trusted in strange places in the Orient, we learned for the first time if never before, just how welcome and how nourishing a cool glass of good beer can be under certain circumstances. While resting before beginning the return

trip, we were amused at the curiosity shown by the natives. Fezes and baggy trousers and swarthy faces had usually been associated with pirates, bandits, and other gentry of that type. These people—poor of the poor—were on the contrary, very courteous, and not of the kind we were to meet later who made a living out of torturing travellers with their demands for alms in the hope that the traveller will grant their plea as the lesser of two evils. We learned that many of these people, if not indeed the majority, are Christians—which explained much.

Back again, like restless birds on the wing, the powerful American machines race along the shore to Beirut. And while the heedless pace throws us from side to side and occasionally against the top supports of the touring cars, our eyes are feasting on the ever-shifting series of glorious panoramas. The sun is near the horizon; the sky is limpid clear; across its vast, gently heaving surface, a sheen of brilliant gold is laid like a carpet. Rocky promontories, stretches of beach, occasional islets wreathed in gentle spray, for even a light sea will leave spray on a rocky shore—all are lighted up with the glow from the western sky. To the left, meadowed valleys, tortuous chasms, and towering crags rise upward to the deeply-colored canopy that marks the sky. It is no wonder that artists traveling through Syria use all the resources of their color-box when they transfer their impressions to canvas.

Just outside of the city, we stopped for water and gasoline. An interesting moment. Imagine three modern American automobiles halted in a narrow, dirty, irregular street flanked by shabby one-story adobe houses, with a group of men and boys, clad in the Syrian costume of exceedingly baggy trousers, short jackets, their heads covered by the Tarbousch or fez, running around apparently in confusion, carrying jars of water and five-gallon tins of the precious gasoline! It was a scene not easily forgotten. While the chauffeurs keep up a loud, vehement conversation in Arabic, the attendants are busy, punching two holes in the top of the tins and pouring the gasoline directly into the tanks. Dust, grime, anything that cares to enter, goes with the gasoline into the tank. Cleanliness is a virtue still to be acquired.

Early the following morning, before the heat became too intense, we are off again in the automobiles. Our route leads inland, better perhaps, upland. The road winds and stretches upward and onward to the crest of the Lebanon mountains, each turn giving us a newer view of Beirut and the sea. The brightly colored houses clustered



together far down at the shore seem like a child's toy city and the sea beyond seems incredibly blue. The mellow light of early morning merely accentuates the colors till from horizon to horizon the sky and the earth appear like a kaleidoscope. A last turn, a last glance backward at the magnificent scene we are leaving, and we enter the heart of the Lebanon. We have said farewell to Beirut and the sea.

The ancient site of Baalbek is our destination. It is still comparatively early when we first discern the towering capitals of the Temple of the Sun framed, to us at least, in a conglomerate mass of trees and ruins. In reality, on arriving, we find ourselves in the midst of perhaps the most stupendous specimen of ancient classical architecture in existence. Space evidently caused no worry, and labor must have been excellent in quality and cheap in price. Innumerable columns, so thick that a man standing alongside a fallen specimen looked insignificant, rest flat upon the remains of temple pavement or recline against stalwart walls still strong enough to support them.

Centuries have passed over those ruins, the fierce windstorms from the vast deserts and from the mountains have driven their merciless might against delicate carved capital and architrave and frieze; the ignorance and malice perchance of man have done their worst—but still enough remains of these proud walls and chambers and corridors and even of the ceilings to give the visitor an ample idea of the splendor in marble and stone that must have existed here in the days of its brightest history. Was it fervor or mere vanity that prompted the erecting of such magnificent temples to the pagan deities of the past? If vanity—then it was colossal. If fervor—it was inexplicably profound.

Today it stands deserted—a monument. And not far away, equally deserted, lie the quarries from which the gigantic monoliths were taken. Here—a souvenir of the mammoth efforts expended—still rests an immense rock partially quarried. All speak with a compelling eloquence of the teeming activity, the sublime ingenuity and artistry, the cruel labor-driving, the all-conquering impetus of unreasoning and unreasonable ambition that must have permeated this pearl-city of the plains when its glory was at its zenith. And the mountains, gray and gaunt to the north and west, bend down in pity at the remnants left to attest the puny force of human might. They stand, immovable and serene and unchanging in their pristine majesty and strength—solitary sentinels guarding a cluster of fractured columns, desecrated sanctuaries and pulverized ruins.



From Baalbek, our way leads back over the road we used in coming. It is a hot, dusty journey now, for the sun is beating upon the arid plain and what breeze arises is like the breath from an open oven. We welcome the little station of Ryack and still more heartily, the neat little restaurant nearby. Here, while dining, we are introduced to the military activities being carried on in Syria. French officers fill the dining hall; soldiers pass by outside. Military equipment stands ready for trans-shipping to the front. There is activity, but without undue bustle.

In the afternoon, our train arrives from the coast and with an armored car bearing two soldiers on constant duty at its gun, and with French colonial soldiers filling one car, we begin our last lap of the journey to Damascus.

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### A STORY THAT WAS NOT TOLD

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There is a girl of our acquaintance for whom we feel considerable admiration, because of a noble trait in her character. She is one who seems determined not to help in circulating gossip.

Not long ago several girls were in our home, when, after a furious ringing of the bell, another one of their mates joined them. Before she removed her wraps, we heard the newcomer cry breathlessly:

"I've just heard the most awful thing about Nellie Graham, and I've run all the way to get here to tell you about it. But you must every one promise not to breathe it to a living soul."

As good as her word, she proceeded to have each girl make the promise strictly. It was then that, much to our amusement, we heard the girl who so dislikes gossip, say quietly:

"We've all promised faithfully not to tell the story, Edith; now, hadn't you better promise too?"

At this we had to laugh, and the girls, hearing the laugh, joined in it. It is unnecessary to add that that story was not told.

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He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

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No man who ignores small things ever accomplishes very great ones.

## Chang

### HOME SWEET HOME WITH VARIATIONS

M. J. H., C.Ss.R.

The traveling bag, half packed, yawned wide-mouthed on a chair. Tomorrow morning Father Cullen would toss in the few things that remained to be packed, snap the jaws of the bag with a click, leave Han Lu and set out up the river toward Hankow. That would be the first step in his long, long journey home—his first vacation in thirteen years.

Vacation, however, was not the precise word. The fact of the matter was that Father Cullen had received a letter telling him to report at the Procure in Hankow where he would receive further particulars. He had been selected by his superiors for some special work in America, the exact nature of which he did not know, but which required the management of an experienced missionary, at least for a time. Father Murphy would come down the river from Hankow this evening to take charge of the parish of Han Lu. But Father Cullen was going to leave Han Lu; leave China; was going back to America; going home.

It was evening. On the porch of the priest's house, looking out beyond the river toward the westering sun already low on the horizon, sat Doctor Abbott, medical missionary to China, drawing solace for his tired body and aid for his reflections from his short black pipe. While at Han Lu, as in the other villages he visited during his journeys of mercy, he lived at the priest's house.

"I say, doctor!" called Father Cullen from the doorway.

"Yes?"

Father Cullen came out on the porch and sat down beside the doctor. Both men gazed at the evening sky through the scragged vines which hung from the top of the porch and threw an irregular pattern of shadows upon their faces.

"Would you be surprised, doctor, if I told you that I am happy, oh! so very, very happy, to be going back again?"

The doctor exhaled a cloud of smoke leisurely.

"No! No, Father; not a bit of it!"

"Well, I am happy," said the priest softly.

"No doubt, no doubt. I believe you."

Until now the dominant note in Father Cullen's missionary life had been sacrifice; sacrifice in the beginning, sacrifice all throughout the years. Self-negation had become as common to him as his daily meals—literally. And now—no more to ride over the hills on the back of a hobbling pony; no more to ride through the heat of the burning day; no more to float in leaky sampans up and down the river. This sudden break left him in an emotional state that he found hard to analyze.

"When I left home long ago, doctor, I never once thought of going back. All the way across on the ship, I told myself repeatedly that for me the world was splitting in two, the two hemispheres gradually drawing apart, until there was a chasm between the past and the present that would never be re-crossed; instead, it would grow wider. Sometimes came the longing, but never, never, never, the thought of ever more returning."

"Must feel great now! Something like coming back from the grave, I imagine." The doctor laughed softly and tapped his pipe-stem against his teeth.

"Not exactly that—I find it is more like a bridge being flung suddenly across the chasm and finding myself on it, my feet moving...."

"I know, Father, I know. I have been here but three years; you, thirteen. But if I were to go back again, do you know what I would do?"

Father Cullen waited.

"First of all, I don't mind telling you that I should begin by being, well, as you say, just gloriously happy. Not that I'm tired of the work here; no, not that. But just supposing that there were no more work to do here, or that I were called home, as you are."

"Yes, I understand."

"Next, I would set out as soon as possible, procure a new outfit, fresh, clean clothes for every day in the week, buy some trinkets in Hankow or Shanghai—just for memory's sake—take the fastest boat across, and on the way back think of nothing else but home and mother."

"Yes, I suppose it is the way with all of us over here," Father Cullen reflected with something like a sigh, "so long as we are able to keep our hearts tied down to our work, we manage to plod along somehow—to the end. But once we cut the bonds that hold us, our

hearts leap back so swiftly and so strongly—even after thirteen years.”

“Would you expect anything else while life is life and we are human?” replied the doctor. “Remember the lines?”

‘We must get home—for we have been away  
So long, it seems forever and a day!  
And O so very homesick we have grown  
The laughter of the world is like a moan  
In our tired hearing....  
We must get home—we must get home again!  
.....With heart and soul we yearn  
To find the long-lost pathway and return.’”

The two men were silent then.

In Hankow, one day, Father Cullen had met a group of American tourists, old friends of his.

“When are you coming home for a vacation?” they had asked when saying good-bye.

Father Cullen had looked at them and made some vague reply; had shaken hands and said good-bye. On the way home, on the river boat, the question kept repeating itself in his mind: “When are you coming home for a vacation?” There had been no answer then that he could think of, and the return trip had been somehow long and wearisome. He smiled to remember it this evening, for now, in a way, there was an answer.

Now the last red flush of sunset tinted the fringe of the western sky. A soft breeze, cooling, coming up in an oblique direction from across the river and scurrying around the scattered houses of the tiny village, stole the laughter of the children playing along the river bank and carried the sound to the hearing of Father Cullen, meditating in the waning light.

That was a dear thought of Doctor Abbott’s—to get some trinkets in Shanghai or Hankow. He might be able to buy a soft silk shawl for his mother, perhaps some jade beads for his sister, and his father—the picture of his father with a long Chinese pipe between his fingers made Father Cullen chuckle softly and lovingly.

“When is Father Murphy to arrive?” asked the doctor abruptly.

Father Cullen opened his eyes suddenly.

“That’s right! I almost forgot about him. Some time this evening.”

“Everything ready for him?”

"Everything! He was here for some months at one time, and knows the place well. I must tell him a few things, though; plenty of time when he comes."

"I hope he arrives on time, and safely," said the doctor anxiously.

"Oh, don't worry!" Father Cullen said lightly, and began dreaming again of home. The evening peace was brooding over the land; it was the time to be dreaming of home.

There would be two years in America; twenty-four months. There would be two summers; two winters. There would be two Christmases. Such a long time in America! Perhaps he would be able to spend a week, maybe more, at home each year.

Up from the river came the faint splash of an oar. Father Cullen arose and peered through the dusk. The boat on the river was well out in the center. It passed by.

"I thought it might have been Father Murphy coming up," he remarked to Doctor Abbott somewhat disappointedly, and sat down again.

Silence once more, while the shadows around the house were growing deeper.

Father Cullen suddenly wondered, half involuntarily, what he was to do in America when he reached it, but quickly and subtly the thought was crowded out by the fullness of his joy.

Going home! Going home!

Upon those words the ages seem to wait, for time can never rob them of the beauty of their meaning.

Unnumbered thoughts flurried through Father Cullen's head. So many things would be changed at home; so many things new. He wondered whether he would find it hard to adjust himself once more to that remote, yet quickly-to-be-reached world of a thousand and one complications and details; the rush and life of the cities, the hurry of business, the method, the efficiency, the speed and the wonder of it all.

He opened his eyes and listened carefully for the sound of a boat upon the waters of the river. None. Father Murphy had not yet, at that rate, gotten near Han Lu.

Now night was closing in.

Father Cullen arose and prepared to walk down toward the river. Father Murphy should have come long since.

Some time later, Father Cullen returned to the porch where the light of Doctor Abbott's pipe was a red point in the darkness.

Now it was night.

"No sign of Father Murphy," he informed the doctor.

"Perhaps he will be here early in the morning."

"Perhaps!"

Father Cullen sank down again beside the doctor, once more in reverie.

It really did not matter if Father Murphy did not arrive before morning. He might have taken the evening boat from Hankow. That would bring him to Tsa Do. From that point he could arrive in Han Lu by sampan at daybreak. There would still be enough time to give him the necessary instructions about the mission.

Father Cullen had arranged for his own sampan in the village. Even now it was down at the bank of the river near Gabriel Wong's house. Gabriel's sampan was a sturdy and steady little craft; it would bring him to Hankow swiftly. He would have sufficient time to look around for that soft silk shawl for his mother, and the jade beads, and the long Chinese pipe.

The traveling bag half packed—the first time in thirteen years. Going home! He tingled with anticipation.

Ah! At last! Again there was the splash of an oar down on the river. That, most likely, would be Father Murphy. The pastor of Han Lau went into the house, struck a light, and set out some food.

Doctor Abbott, watching from the darkness, saw Father Cullen come again into the doorway that framed the dim lamplight behind him, and stand there, awaiting the arrival of the traveler.

But it was not Father Murphy.

A young Chinese, coming up the few steps leading to the porch, made inquiry for Father Cullen.

He had a letter.

Father Cullen did not take the trouble to go inside. Instead, standing in the doorway where the light was rather feeble, he read the letter swiftly. It was from the Procure at Hankow.

"Dear Father Cullen:

"Father Murphy was taken ill suddenly this morning. It was impossible to send someone else to take your place at Han Lu, as there was no one.

"Since you will not be able to leave Han Lu for some time, Very Reverend Father Conrad, Superior, has decided to take with him, in

your stead, Father White, who has been resting here at the Procure. He will perform the work you were to do in America....."

There were more lines of writing; something about being sorry; but Father Cullen was unable to read more. He looked dully at the Chinese boy who had brought the letter, then toward the corner where sat the doctor.

"What's the news, Father?" The doctor's voice, asking the question, seemed infinitely remote to Father Cullen. He took the letter over to the doctor, steadying himself as he went, by gripping the porch rail with a powerful clasp of his fingers.

Father Cullen, while the doctor struck a match and read the letter, walked slowly and dazedly into the house. He paused before the crucifix hanging on the wall, then slowly he sank to his knees, while still he gazed upward at the image of the Savior.

Was it the dim light of the lamp and the rebellious tears in Father Cullen's eyes, or was it the anguish of the sudden clutch at his heart that made it appear as he gazed, that the crucified Christ was writhing in agony?

When Father Cullen, quite steadied now, came out to the porch again and sat down, the doctor was still holding the letter in one hand and the burnt match in the other. The match dropped and Father Cullen felt the doctor's hand clasp his and grip it.

From one of the huts in the village came the high, piercing notes of a violin. It was old, blind Chang, for whom Father Cullen had bought the violin and whom he had taught to play. The two men on the porch listened; the doctor's clasp of Father Cullen's hand tightened as he recognized the tune.

Chang was playing "Yankee Doodle."

Suddenly Father Cullen arose.

"Be back in a while, doctor; I'm going down to the village."

"Village? This time of the night?"

"Yes!" Father Cullen laughed softly. "I am going down to teach Chang a few bars of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' After that I'll have him play 'Home Sweet Home'—with Chinese variations. You'll be listening, will you?"

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A crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is not love.



# Catholic Anecdotes

## RESIGNATION

Visible from the sea the island of St. Croix, called "The Garden of the West Indies," presents a very pretty picture indeed. Amid the green radiance of a rich tropical vegetation, with many royal palms fringing its silver-linked shores, this Isle of Enchantment is set like a beauteous emerald in the pure deep blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. Verily, from a distance, St. Croix, the southern land of eternal summer, does appear like a paradise on earth. Now, go on with the story that we noticed in *The Sentinel* some time ago.

Father Clair, C.Ss.R., who is working among the lepers of St. Croix, on the Virgin Islands, tells the story of one of his converts: She was the daughter of a nice family, all Anglicans, and how she contracted the disease was a mystery. But, when it finally developed, she was sent to the lepers' home, and there I met her. I noticed that she was assiduous in her attendance at catechetical instruction and Holy Mass, but some months intervened before she approached me about religion. I found out, then, that her family opposed her conversion, and that she had now reached the point where she must either give up her family or live in spiritual unhappiness.

The family opposition was finally overcome—the father felt that he had no right to deprive his child of any happiness that she could secure in this world, and the mother and her brothers and sisters consented, following his example. My convert was prepared for the Sacraments, and, on the day of her first Holy Communion, I saw her after Mass and stopped to congratulate her, telling her to place herself entirely in God's hand. Her answer was a remarkable one. "Father," she said, "I do thank God. I even thank Him for making me a leper, since I could not have come to know Him in any other way!"

This evidence of perfect resignation to the Will of God was superb—but she added to it. Speaking of the new treatment, which has proved so successful in many cases of leprosy in St. Croix, and which she was now receiving, she said: "I shall also be quite content to remain



the way I am, and offer up my affliction for the conversion of my family."

She has not yet been cured.

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### VOLTA

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March 5, 1927, was the centenary of the death of Alessandro Volta. Throughout the world there were many celebrations in commemoration of this great scientist. At this time then, the little story which I am about to relate will, no doubt, be of interest. It has not, as far as I know, appeared in any of our papers or magazines.

Toward the end of the year 1814, in the beautiful little town of Como, in the world famous Lake Como district in the Italian Alps, Canon Giacomo Ciceri, the parish priest, was called upon to prepare a person of high rank for death. The Canon found his patient very poorly disposed. He could not believe, he said, because some great scientists who were friends of his had convinced themselves that the progress of science had done away with the reasonableness of religion. The Canon, anxious to help him, mentioned the name of Volta. Here was a name that would shine amongst the most illustrious. Volta, he argued, who had invented the electric pile, and turned the study of electricity from a mere elegance and amusement for the court ladies into a science and a thing of usefulness—Volta was known to be a faithful Catholic.

The sick man was somewhat surprised at this example, but retorted that he doubted the religious sincerity of Volta. If, however, he would be assured on this point, he thought that perhaps he would be moved to reconsider his position.

So Canon Giacomo Ciceri wrote to Volta, at that time residing at Milan; and he received in reply a letter written in Volta's own hand, dated January 6th, 1815.

This letter saved a soul.

Fifty years later we hear of Volta's reply again. Certain accusations had been made, charging that Volta had not kept the faith, when the same Canon Ciceri came forth to state publicly that he had in his possession a letter clearly defining the faith of the great scientist, and he gave to the world its contents.

After the death of the Canon, the letter passed through several hands. In the year 1885 Zanino Volta, the grandson of Volta, found

among his grandfather's papers a rough draft of the same letter. He wrote a special communication to the Scientific Institute of Lombardy and pointed out the many corrections in Volta's own hand made in the rough copy, showing the care which Volta had taken to express himself clearly and accurately. This also, of course, established the authenticity of the letter formerly held by the Canon.

The letter reads as follows:

"I do not know how anyone could doubt the sincerity and constancy in the religion I profess, which is the Catholic Apostolic Roman Religion. In it I was born and reared, and to it I have always adhered, both by internal conviction and external profession. I may have been lacking, alas, in the zeal for the good works which should distinguish the Catholic Christian. And I must accuse myself of many faults. But through the special grace of the Savior, my conscience is my witness that I never sinned against the faith.

"If my faults, which I regret, should perhaps have given occasion to anyone to suspect lack of faith in me, I now, by way of reparation and for every other good purpose, declare to such a one and to every other person, and am ready to declare on every occasion and at whatever sacrifice, that I have always held, and do now hold, the Catholic Religion as the only true and infallible religion. I thank the good God perpetually for having infused this faith into me, in which I firmly hope to live and to die and to obtain eternal life.

"Such I hold the Catholic Church to be, a gift of God, and I hold this by supernatural faith. I have not, however, neglected the human means to strengthen my belief. To do away with any doubt which might possibly arise to tempt me, I have studied attentively its foundations. I have read many books written in its defense and many, too, written to attack it. The result of my reading has been to make the faith appear most credible to natural reason, to show it in such a light that any well formed mind, not clouded by vice or prejudice, would be ready to embrace and love it. This declaration, made at your request, I have gladly written and subscribed with my own hand. You are free to show it to anyone and anywhere. For I do not blush for the Gospel. My hope is that it will be productive of some good fruit."

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No longer virtuous, no longer free, is a maxim as true with regard to a private person as with a commonwealth.

# Pointed Paragraphs

## THE MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

June has been dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

It is a sweet thought—the thought of the loving heart of our Savior. It is the heart that loved Mary, His Mother, so tenderly; the heart that had pity on the multitudes that followed Him and gave them to eat; the heart that melted with sympathy for the sick, the sorely tried, the poor, the outcast, the afflicted of all kinds; the heart that sweetly welcomed the little ones despite fatigue; the heart that pressed warm tears of bereaved and sorrowing friendship from His eyes at the grave of Lazarus; the heart upon which the beloved friend and disciple John rested his head at the Last Supper; the heart that almost broke with human pain and sorrow in His agony in the garden.

There is a sweet refuge for us in all our troubles. Honor the Heart of Jesus during the month of June.

But never forget that besides being tender heart, it was also brave, strong and courageous. While seeking the consolation of its tenderness, learn to imitate its courage and bravery.

That Heart lives and throbs in the Blessed Sacrament.

## COMMENCEMENT

Commencement as applied to the closing exercises of the school year has many meanings.

It means the commencement of vacation for the children. And this is probably the significance that is uppermost in their minds at the time. That is a serious aspect for the parents and those in charge, who realize that leisure time and vacation time is as great a factor in the making or unmaking of characters as the school period.

It means probably for many the end of their elementary schooling and the commencement of their higher education. This, too, is an important aspect and should make the parents think of a high school or college to which the lad or the girl is to be sent, should he or she be fit

for higher studies. Do you know what Catholic schools of higher education are available?

It means for some commencement of life—for some who are not gifted enough with intellectual endowments to warrant college or university training—or who have no desire for further study—but show a readiness for work, and especially if they are needed for the support of a home. In fact, for all graduates, nowadays, one might say, it means the commencement of life—of a certain amount of independent responsibility for themselves. For high school life as well as college or university life calls for moral initiative and decision in choice of companions, amusements, books, and in adherence to practices of devotion. This, too, is a serious aspect of commencement.

It means for many finally the commencement of their real life—the settling of their vocation.

Parents eagerly watch and dream; friends congratulate and wonder; companions write mock prophecies. The Church, too, watches and looks on deeply interested and concerned.

Another year of the Catholic School's—her school's—work is done. Will all these boys and girls, now leaving her doors, hold aloft and keep unspotted the banner she has put in their hands: "For God and Country"?

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### A GENTLEMAN'S RESPONSE

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Mr. Marshall asked some impudent questions of Governor Alfred Smith. He received his answer and instead of apologizing for his un-American conduct, went scouring for more question material.

William Allen White, former governor of Kansas, and by far better known than Mr. Marshall, acted quite differently. In the course of a speech that he made in Salt Lake City recently, he was asked as to the possibility of a Catholic being elected president. Mr. White answered:

"As a Kansas farmer said to me: 'No man will ever tell his beads in the White House.'"

The *Intermountain Catholic*, a Salt Lake City weekly paper, took exception to the remark in an editorial comment as being "uncalled for and unfortunate." It was, under the circumstances. Mr. White answered as follows in a letter to Monsignor Hunt:

"Dear Monsignor:

"I have been away for ten days or so and find upon my return your *Intermountain Catholic* of March 19, which inspires this letter. First, let me say frankly, without any reservation to clear the air—*mea culpa*. I have no explanation to make, nor extenuation to offer. All my life has been devoted to fighting men and women who have attacked the Catholic faith. I have no political ambition, would not take the best office in the state if it were offered to me on a platter. I wasn't hiding behind a farmer; I was trying to state a fact in kindly and understandable language. I had not the remotest idea that the language would be offensive. As a matter of fact, I have heard Catholics use exactly the same expression in exactly the same mood that I was in. I don't know whether the story is true or not, but this was told me by a Catholic in New York, that Al Smith and Elizabeth Marbury were talking over the White House situation and the governor's chances, four or five years ago, when the governor smiled and said to Elizabeth Marbury, who is also a Catholic:

"Well, Elizabeth, I don't just exactly see a crucifix in the White House, do you?"

"That may not be true, but it was told me by a Catholic for the truth and other Catholics have repeated it to me. It is a common story. If my Catholic auditors in Salt Lake took offense at my phrase, I am profoundly sorry. In all my life I have tried to respect tenderly the feelings of others, even the feelings of bigots whom I have never assailed personally, even the A. P. A., which I fought thirty years ago. I would no more offend my Catholic friends than I would my wife or child. But even now, in the expression I see nothing to give offense, and yet I know that offense was taken and, of course, I would not repeat the phrase under any circumstances, not by reason of what I can see, but what I can feel of the hurt in another's heart. For the hurt that was unintentional I am sorry, deeply sorry, but for the spirit behind the hurt which was merely trying to set forth the truth as I saw it, I have no sense of error or wrong.

"I trust that you will give this letter as I have written it, the same publication that you gave the criticism. I don't in the slightest blame you for the criticism. From your viewpoint I had committed a boorish and unpardonable offense. But that it was unfriendly or inspired by any desire whatever to be unkind or inconsiderate, I hope you will

understand. We who believe in tolerance in this country must accept each other's good faith. We have too many enemies of bigotry to fight or quarrel among ourselves.

"And now, with the kindest feelings for those of your faith who are attacked by ignorance, bigotry and selfish designs of their enemies, let me close as I began in all sincerity and in all humility—*mea culpa*.

"Respectfully yours,

"W. A. WHITE."

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### TRADING WITH HIS TALENT

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The late Dr. J. C. Monaghan, a distinguished Catholic writer and worker, wrote thus of a conversation that he had one day with a friend of his youth:

"I shall never forget the feeling of pleasure that went through me when this man told me that he had brought twenty-one persons into the fold. Of course, we cannot, all of us, do such good work; but he did, and that is what set me thinking.

"Here he was, a man who had traveled little in his whole life; he had remained at work where we had worked together when we were boys and young men. He had read nothing compared with what I had read; he had seen nothing compared with what I had seen; and yet he had done things that so far surpassed what I had done, that I began to hope that I might be left some time in which to do a little work like his."

We cannot help admiring the humility of Mr. Monaghan; nor can we help admiring the zeal of the other man, who used his lowly talent so wonderfully.

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### THE READY TO DIE TYPE

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Sir John Gilbert, K.B.E., read a paper recently before a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of England, in which he stated:

"The most regrettable feature of the present position of the Church in England is the number of negligent Catholics—Catholics who loudly proclaim their intention of dying for the Faith, but who unfortunately show no desire to live for it. The number of such Catholics is unduly large."

We all know that in time of war many become heroes who in times of peace found it difficult to become useful citizens.

Neither is there any reason to doubt that given the test of a religious persecution, the martyr's crown would become the reward of some who were slackers in religious matters until called to action, like dynamite, by a jar.

The chances are, however, that only a few have in them this latent power. When Catholics talk about dying for a religion they are too cowardly to practice, the presumption is that when death does come, it will find them unprepared.

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### THEY WEREN'T THE RIGHT SORT

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A Catholic census taker in the course of a day's routine met a family that had been received into the Church recently.

"I might have been a Catholic years ago," the father said regretfully, "if the fellows I worked with had been different. They called themselves Catholics, but I guess they weren't the right sort."

"Catholics in name," said the visitor.

"Yes; that was about it. They were a bad lot; drinking, gambling, quarrelsome fellows. I was only a boy then, and I hadn't any more sense than to think that all Catholics were no good."

"What made you change your mind?"

"A Holy Name parade, some years ago. The men looked so well, so decent, you know, that I began to think the fellows in the shop didn't belong to them at all. Shortly after that the boss fired them for stirring up trouble. And what do you think? The new men were Catholics, too—the right sort. Gee, but they're different! That's why I'm a Catholic, and all my family."

The visitor went away, meditating on the mechanic's story. It is a common one, thank God, the bringing into the Church of truthseeking souls by the power of good example. Read the stories of conversion and note in how many cases the grace of God acted through the conduct of perhaps a humble worker in the home, or an employee in a factory, store or office, whose high ideals of integrity, morality and honor led to inquiries as to his or her religious belief and from that to the conviction that a religion producing such assets in character must be worth knowing.



# Our Lady's Page

## Our Lady of Perpetual Help IN SAN ANTONIO

The following account of a novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was sent in from San Antonio, Texas:

At 7:30 in the evening of March 26, another novena in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help was begun. It was in the Church of San Alfonso, a Mexican church, in the city of San Antonio. The novena was completed Sunday, April 3.

Every morning Holy Mass was celebrated at 7:00 o'clock, and after the Mass the prayers of the novena were recited before the shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. In the afternoon special novena services were held for the children, who attend a public school near the church. Nearly all of the children in this school are Mexican Catholics. In the evening the Rosary and other prayers were recited before the shrine. The sermon followed the rosary, and then the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and Benediction given. Last of all, there was the blessing of the sick and of all those present. The average daily attendance was about 300 children in the afternoon and another large congregation of adults every night.

The closing ceremonies of the novena were grand and impressive. First of all there was a public and solemn reception of new members into the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help and Saint Alphonsus. The archconfraternity, already a flourishing society, was increased by more than a hundred members. About one-fourth of the new members were men. Then, in accordance with a Spanish custom, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and remained on the altar during the sermon. This practice is observed on great festivals and on very special occasions. After the sermon and Benediction a procession of all the sodalists present was held in the church. The final ceremony of the novena was the blessing of the sick and the individual blessing to each member of the congregation.

There was little exterior glory or show to this novena. There was nothing spectacular. Still, who will say that the novena was fruitless? God's measure of success is not a man-made rule; a searcher of hearts

and reins, God looks to the higher, the spiritual, and the permanent results.

Visible results were, nevertheless, not wanting. Not the least was the faithful daily attendance of the adults in the evening. A very few came in pleasure cars; some others used gravel trucks and the like; the rest, the great majority, came on foot. Many came long distances over roads that are poor and unlighted. Saturday, April 2, the confessors were kept busy until 11:30 P. M. A large number of sick called for the priest in order to receive the special blessing of the novena and in this way participate in the devotions. The revalidation of several marriages is directly due to the influence of the novena.

Several efforts had been made to bring back a certain man to the practice of his religion. During the novena he was seriously sick and the family summoned a priest. The call came in just before the time to recite the Rosary in the evening. A special announcement was made, asking the people to offer their Rosary for the conversion of this sinner. An immediate answer was vouchsafed their prayers. The sick man now welcomed the priest, received the Sacraments with signs of devotion, and also rectified his marriage. The family could not explain this sudden change; they were all astounded. The Rosary had triumphed again.

Next to God and to our Mother of Perpetual Help, the success of the novena was due to the zealous, untiring, self-sacrificing zeal of a Redemptorist from Mexico. Made a prisoner by the officers of the Calles government, confined for a time like a degraded criminal in a military prison, he was at length expelled from Mexico. Seeking refuge among his confreres of the Spanish-speaking community attached to the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, God turned apparent misfortune into real blessing. Fired by zeal for souls and moved, like his father St. Alphonsus, by an ardent love of the Blessed Virgin, he gladly undertook the burden of preaching this novena to the Mexicans.

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#### A NOBLE CHOICE

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A French peasant lost his eyesight in consequence of an accident. He was poor. An offer of a trip to Paris to consult a celebrated specialist, who might cure him, was made, but on one condition. It was that he should withdraw his daughter from the Catholic school and send her to the public school. Without hesitation, he said:

"I shall remain blind and my child shall keep the light of faith."

## Catholic Events

The sympathy of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, for the flood victims of the Mississippi Valley was conveyed to President Coolidge in a letter from the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Fumasoni-Biondi. The letter was made public at the state department, together with a reply from Secretary Kellogg. The letter of the Apostolic Delegate ran as follows:

"I have the honor to inform you that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, directs me to convey to you the expression of his deep sympathy in the great calamity which has fallen upon the good people of the Mississippi Valley, and to assure Your Excellency of his continued prayers for the unfortunate sufferers.

"In complying with the instructions of His Holiness, I take the occasion to offer my own profound sympathy.

"Renewing my expressions of highest esteem, I have the honor to remain,

Most respectfully yours,

Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate.

\* \* \*

The Holy Father has initiated a crusade to end the printing, reading, circulation, or purchase among the Faithful of harmful, indecent, immoral and lascivious literature, books, plays and journals. Because of the vast output of printed impurity, it is impossible for the Sacred Office to place every publication of this nature on the Index. The ordinaries in their respective dioceses are authorized in a letter issued by the Pope to denounce all such literature, publish lists in diocesan organs and otherwise impose such regulations as are needed for the guidance of those entrusted to their care.

The Pope's new instructions express a threefold purpose: (1) To denounce the danger, especially to youth, of immoral books, which, because of modern conditions, have gained an enormous circulation at places and prices making them widely accessible; (2) to invoke the aid of the Bishops and the diocesan clergy in reading and banning books whose number is too great to permit detailed examination by the authorities of the Holy See; and (3) to call attention to Catholics that the reading of evidently immoral books constitutes a mortal sin whether or not such books have been expressly condemned by the ecclesiastical authorities or have been registered on the Index of forbidden books.

\* \* \*

When the question came up in the British House of Commons, whether the British Government should maintain its representative at the Vatican, Sir Austin Chamberlain, the foreign secretary, replied:

"The Government does not intend withdrawing its mission to the Holy See. It was found convenient to establish this delegation at a time of international trouble and difficulty, and to withdraw it now would be an almost offensive action to adopt.

"Apart from that, whatever views members of the government may hold individually about the Roman Church, there can be no doubt that the head of that Church represents a great force in the world and is venerated by many millions of British subjects."

\* \* \*

Disquieting reports concerning the Catholic Missions in Western Hunan, China, have reached this country. The American Catholic missionaries laboring at Shenchow-fu and other cities of the province have been compelled to abandon their missions and flee for their lives. Many of the mission stations have been looted and burned and the whereabouts of the missionaries is unknown, according to a report to the State Department from Vice-Consul John C. Vincent, now at Hankow. It is believed that the Catholic missionaries now in flight for their lives number nineteen—all Americans except two.

One report says that three Sisters are included among those trapped. Representations have been made to the Nationalist authorities through the United States Consul, but so far as is known, nothing has resulted but promises.

\* \* \*

The preliminary program of the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association to be held in Detroit, June 27-30, has just been announced. The Association is meeting there at the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, who has placed the new Sacred Heart Seminary at its disposal for the purposes of its meetings.

\* \* \*

A recent letter from the Sisters of Charity in Shanghai contains the news that the prominent Catholic Chinese layman, Mr. Lo Pa Hong, is in danger and hiding. Visitors to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago will recall the striking personality of this Catholic Chinese gentleman. No doubt the numerous destitute and infirm in the various institutions sponsored by Mr. Lo will suffer from this persecution of their benefactor.

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Our daily papers are carrying stories of events in Mexico that emanate from official Mexican sources. But how untruthful these stories are appears from a statement made by the exiled Bishops now gathered in San Antonio. Archbishop Ruiz of Michoacan, as spokesman for the rest, said:

"During these first days of our exile, we have been deeply grieved to read the atrocious calumnies leveled against us by the Mexican Government. We now speak only under the necessity of answering a Government which believes it necessary thus to bolster up its outrageous campaign against religion.

"Before all we declare that we and all our priests and many laymen are victims of the cruelest religious persecution of modern times. Both the laws passed and the application of them are proof enough of that.

"Never have we wished to bring about foreign intervention of arms

against our beloved Mexico. In 1924, and on various occasions since then, Mexican Bishops have used their moral influence to avert such intervention. We now repeat the disapproval with which we look on it. We repudiate it with all our force. We associate ourselves in this repudiation with the American Episcopate in its magnificent pastoral letter of last December.

"But Calles has not hesitated to give proofs of his mendacity to achieve his nefarious ends. That pastoral letter enumerated and disproved the calumnies whose clamor has filled the world. The Mexican government has not changed. It is still engaged in the old game, and now adds hypocrisy to calumny when it declares it has been 'lenient' in 'allowing' us to depart.

"Let us tell the truth about that. At seven P. M. on April 21, six of the fifteen Bishops, including Archbishop Mora y del Rio, ranking prelate, and Archbishop Ruiz sequestered in the Capital, were called by Minister of the Interior Tejeda to his office. He told us that by the President's orders we must leave the country that night. He said:

"You are the leaders of the revolution, and by your silence after the Archbishop of Durango's recent pastoral declaring lay Catholics justified in resorting to arms in self-defense, you were guilty of taking part in rebellion."

"This was his only declaration. He offered no proofs. . . . He gave a sign to Colonel Delgado, Chief of the Secret Service; we were led thence under an armed guard of soldiers, and at nine o'clock that same night we were on our way to Laredo. Arrived there, what was our surprise to read a bulletin issued by the Government, saying we had been offered our choice of undergoing trial for treason or voluntarily leaving the country, and that we had chosen the second and had voluntarily gone into exile. It further said that these six were the leaders of the revolt. It lied. These were merely six out of fifteen who happened to be arrested, all of whom had held out against armed rebellion. Nor was there any alternative offered of a trial.

"The Mexican Constitution itself forbids the penalty of exile to be inflicted on a Mexican, and it forbids any penalty to be imposed without a trial. Thus the President by one act made himself legislator, witness, prosecutor, judge and executioner.

"The attack on the Gaudalajara train on April 18 had been an occasion for the calumny that the Episcopate were its authors. This is false as was the assertion that priests had taken part in it.

"Archbishop Orozco has been another victim of calumny. To protect his liberty he hid himself away last October, and the angry Government spread the story that he was at the head of an armed force. It is as false as the other story. Several priests were also accused of being under arms. This, too, is false. Some priests offered to be chaplains for the forces of the national revolt. . . . Yet, to our knowledge, seven priests have been brutally murdered by Federal soldiers, and not even on the pretext of taking up arms. On mere suspicion, and with no motive but hate, many laymen, even boys, have suffered atrocious torment and death."

## Some Good Books

*The Canonical and Civil Status of Catholic Parishes in the United States.* By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Published by the B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$2.50 net.

The author first describes the origin and development of parishes both in Europe and the United States. He next treats the canonical requirements of a parish as determined by the Code of Canon Law. Chapters follow on the various changes parishes may undergo, and on the administration of parochial property. Throughout the pertinent civil law is given and explained. We agree especially with the author regarding the canonical status of national parishes in cities. Although there are some statements not happily expressed, still the book as a whole is good and commendable.

*Dies Irae.* By the Rev. Nicholas Gühr, D.D. Translated by Rev. Jos. J. Schmidt. Published by B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net.

Father Gühr is the well-known author of "The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Here we have his commentary (translated from the fourth German edition) on the "Dies Irae"—the sequence of the Mass for the Dead. After an introductory chapter on the authorship, history, and nature of this noble hymn, the text is given both in Latin and in English. Thereupon the sequence is taken stanza by stanza and interpreted dogmatically and ascetically. We heartily recommend it for devotional reading and meditation.

*In the Jersey Hills.* By Mary V. Hillmann. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.50; postpaid, \$1.60.

The joys and sorrows, triumphs and failures of a girl's life at a Catholic college are the theme of this well-written novel. The love element, as might be expected, is not absent—in fact contributes not a little to shape events, at one time letting in the glorious sunshine, then again veiling the sky with lowering clouds. But it is just such a kaleidoscope of events that tests the character and reveals its strong points and its weak ones.

All in all, the girls at this college "In the Jersey Hills" stand up well under the test, and when their dreams come true the two heroines, Lou and Bet, make their choice in accord with the designs of God.

*The Social Significance of the Third Order of St. Francis.* By Rev. Capistran Romeis, O.F.M. Published by Central Bureau, 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis. 10c a copy, 65c per dozen, postpaid; \$4.00 per hundred, plus postage.

The purpose of this brochure is to spread the true spirit of St. Francis by bringing about a clearer perception of the mission of the Third Order. It is particularly appropriate for the church pamphlet rack.

*Teacher Tells a Story.* Book two. By Rev. Jerome D. Hannan, D.D. Published by Benziger Bros. Net, \$2.00.

We deem it a pleasure to refer again to this excellent course of instruction in religion. Teachers who have made acquaintance with its forerunners (see Liguorian for April, August, and November) need no recommendation. Others will find the series well worth investigation.

*Convent Echoes. Devotional Verses.* By Sister M. Paraclita. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.00.

Kathleen Norris, who contributes the foreword, well characterizes Sister Paraclita's poetry when she says: "It is sincere and simple and free, the spontaneous effervescence of a soul that cannot bottle within itself the glory and the beauty of the love and service of God." Each poem is a prayer.

*The Little Flower Treasury.* Edited by Caryl Coleman. Published by Benziger Brothers. Prices \$0.65 to \$1.50, according to binding.

A prayer-book for all occasions; containing besides the usual devotions, also the Proper Mass, a Novena, a Litany and other special prayers and spiritual readings (many in her own words), in honor of St. Teresa of the Child Jesus.



# Lucid Intervals

Smith—Doctor, why does so small a cavity feel so large to the tongue?

Dentist—Just the natural tendency of your tongue to exaggerate, I suppose.

The proverbial Scot was planning his wedding ceremony, and shocked the minister by proposing that it be conducted in the chicken yard. The reason?

So the chickens could eat the rice!

Sister to the class: "When the Archbishop speaks to you, be sure and always say 'Your grace.'"

Dorothy did: "Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, etc."

Captain—What are you scratching your head for, Rastus?"

Colored Private—Aw, sah, I got de 'rithmetic bugs in mah head, sah.

Captain—What are arithmetic bugs?

Colored Private—Dat's cooties.

Captain—What do they have to do with arithmetic?

Colored Private—Well, sah, dey add to mah misery; dey subtract from mah pleasure; dey divide my attention and dey multiply like everything.

Susan—Jim, what's that brown speck on your neck?

Jim—Oh! That's a freckle.

Susan—Well, your freckle is walking.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
The man stepped on it and rushed past.  
A CRASH—he died without a sound;  
They opened up his head and found—

Excelsior!

There was a young man from N. Y.  
Who refused to use knife or f.

With his fingers instead

And a piece of rye bread

He would eat any meat except p.

Mrs. Jenkins, a regular visitor to the doctor's office, started on the long story of her troubles. The doctor endured it patiently, and gave her another bottle of medicine.

At last she started out, and the doctor was congratulating himself, when she stopped and exclaimed:

"Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"

"I know it isn't," was the weary reply. "You don't find grass on a racing track."

Two colored gentlemen who had robbed a farmer's henhouse were hot-footing it down the road with their plunder. "Whaffer you 'spose dem flies foller'n us so close, Mose?" gasped one.

"Yo' jes' keep a runnin' boy, dem ain't flies, dem's buckshot."

Cop (to man driving past a Stop sign): Here, there, can't you read?

Motorist: Sure I can read, but I can't stop!

Out in Chesapeake Bay is an island seldom visited by the large boats, on account of the difficulty in landing. A sailing party stopped there one summer day and engaged a fisherman in conversation.

"You are pretty well shut out from the rest of the world," observed one of the party. "I suppose there are times when you have difficulty in obtaining the necessities of life."

"Yes, there are," admitted the fisherman, "and half the time what you do get, ain't fit to drink."

It was a very cold day and Isaacs and Cohen had walked about four miles without either making a single remark. "Vy don't you say something?" said Cohen.

"Freeze your own hands!" said Isaacs.

Jack and Jill  
Sped up the hill,  
A curve up there was sharp.  
The car upset;  
Jack's rolling yet;  
Jill's playing on a harp.

Casey and Murphy stood looking into a jeweler's window.

"Casey," asked Murphy, "how'd you like to have your pick here?"

"Sure," responded Casey, "I'd rather have my shovel."



## Redemptorist Scholarships

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A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)..	2,007.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,222.42
Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church).....	4,297.78

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Burse of St. Joseph, \$644.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,948.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,000.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$1,095.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$4,500.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$40.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$400; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$1,800.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$1,093.75; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$600.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$952.21; Mary Gockel Burse, \$7.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$10.00.